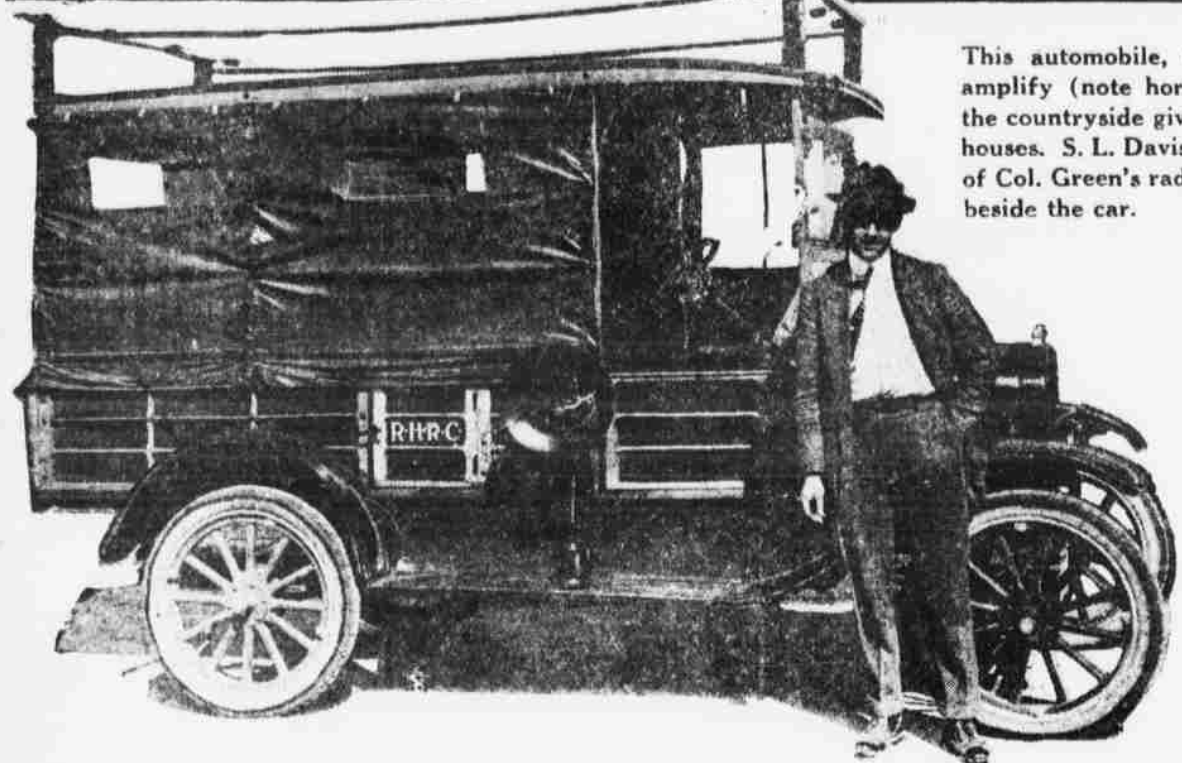


# How Col. E. H. R. Green, Richest "Radio Fan" Brings World to Farmers' Dooryards

Col. Green in his little electric automobile in which he tours his estate.



This automobile, equipped to receive and amplify (note horn) radio messages, tours the countryside giving concerts before farmhouses. S. L. Davis, radio engineer in charge of Col. Green's radio enterprises, is standing beside the car.



and is a few miles from the popular and busy city of New Bedford. One leaves New Bedford over an excellent road and enters Dartmouth. Then over a winding roadway, now bordering along the shore of the bay, now by farmhouses and broad meadows, now by wooded stretches, in this sparsely settled town of fisher and farm-folk and summer residents. Then the entrance to Col. Green's estate of 253 acres, which came to him from his mother's family. A few years ago undeveloped woodland and grassland, it is now transformed by the Colonel's millions, or part of them. A fine private road open to all, except at night, leads from the town highway through acres of woodland, until the stone mansion appears in the distance, over acres of level meadows, ending in the rounded hills which give the estate its name.

As one approaches the mansion of forty rooms, many of them usually occupied, for the Colonel has many guests, one is likely to see rolling easily along a tiny electric automobile containing a large man. The man is the Colonel, for he spends a considerable part of each day during the summer riding about his vast estate, the roads of which comprise many miles.

Col. Green is a cripple. A tall, healthy looking man, built for an active life, an affliction of the legs until recently confined him to a wheel-chair. Now he can walk a few steps without other aid than a cane. The tiny electric is built low so that he can easily step into it, and the smooth-running car whisks him from place to place about his estate, so that he can keep in daily touch with the extensive radio construction which is in progress. His bodily activity confined by his affliction, the Colonel finds ample scope for



Col. Green at the mechanism in the boathouse which operates the public address system and, below, receiving a radio message in the completely equipped sun parlor. Others in the group are members of his radio department.

THE husband of the dying woman read again the last letter from their daughter, who was even then making her operatic debut in a far-off city. How many times that day he had read her the letter he did not know. It seemed to bring solace to the last hours of his partner of a lifetime.

"I could die happy, Jim, if I could have heard my baby sing tonight," whispered the aged woman.

The bent and withered man at her bedside patted her hand with tender helplessness.

Outside came the rattle of an automobile—the whirr of a speeded engine before it died.

Silence. Noise. A crackle as if from a log in the fireplace; in truth, many sounds, as if from a creaked talking machine record. Indistinguishable sounds, unheard within the house, for death hovering overhead had stopped the ears of those within.

Then, clear, melodious—the voice of a woman singing.

Into the face of the dying woman came a look of joy and peace. "I hear her singing—she is singing to me," she murmured, and went to sleep.

Silence, outside as well as within.

"All right, Davis," came the voice of Col. Green outside, "drive down the road a piece, to that next farm house."

The whirr of a motor, the meshing of gears—the steady throb of an engine, growing fainter in the distance.

Silence.

mental activity in his radio development plans.

He has at present a most elaborate receiving equipment, the station for which is located in the sun room of his estate, where a permanent staff of trained young men are on duty receiving messages and doing experimental work. S. L. Davis is the

radio engineer in charge and operator of the radio auto. Down by the water's edge is a tall receiving tower. Near the house two towers of 100 and 500 watts reach skyward above the site of a six-room studio, which is already well started and soon will be completed. When constructed this brick studio will house what is said will be the finest broadcasting station in the country. The Colonel says it will be a relay station largely, receiving messages from far off and transmitting them to ama-

teurs throughout the East. He has already done experimental broadcasting work, but will soon be in a position to receive a Government license and broadcast messages regularly.

"Your radio development must bring joy into the lives of many people, does it not?" the Colonel was asked.

"Well—oh, I had it put in for myself, just a selfish pastime," he replied solemnly. "It's pretty lonesome down here sometimes; way off here in the country during the summer. But with the radio I feel that I am right in the midst of things."

"How about the radio auto and the public address machine?" All sighing.

"Sure," chimed in a friend who was visiting the Colonel. "Sure, plain selfishness. He gets a selfish pleasure in giving pleasure to others, eh Colonel?"

"Now, oh, let's take a ride down to the boathouse," said the Colonel gravely.

In the boathouse at present is housed the mechanism for the public address system. The sound itself comes from large wooden horns located on top of a water tower, resembling a light-house, itself on the highest hill of the estate. The mechanism in the boathouse is intricate. There have been only two or three of these systems sold.

"Do you understand all this machinery?" the Colonel was asked.

"Well, now hold on, I'm not committing myself on that. The men who put it in never know just what's going to happen. I'll say this, though, you come around next summer and I'll guarantee to know it from A to Z."

He will, too. For Col. Green's interest in his equipment is more than a pastime. He has been interested in the field of wireless equipment since 1896, and although he has a staff of radio experts he doesn't have to ask them how to operate the equipment. The interest of this man of millions in the wonder of the modern world is not that of an amateur or a faddist, but of a scientist who is making it his life work.

Col. Green has millions to spend and plenty of time to spend them. He has no family; he can spend them all on himself if he likes. He might have become interested in constructing artificial ponds, or developing blooded race horses, or redesigning buildings, or collecting butterflies, or in the many other activities which appeal to millionaires. Instead, he is throwing his enthusiasm and his millions to the aid of radio development. A selfish pastime, he says. But maybe from a rich man's pastime will some day come a nation's benefit.

## Specially Equipped Radio Automobile Tours Countryside Giving Concerts; Another Device Talks 4½ Miles Giving Crop Reports and Lectures—Sun Parlor of Country Home Houses Most Complete Privately Owned Radio Laboratory in America

By F. Ambler Welch.

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THE farmer, plodding steadily behind his horse cultivator in South Dartmouth, Mass., and his wife, with her kitchen chopping battery, are entertained these days, as they work, with concerts over the radio. For the radio automobile of Col. Edward H. R. Green, son of the late Henry Green, hails frequently before their gateway and gives them not only concerts but the latest Government crop reports, market quotations, lectures and the many other messages which this latest achievement of scientific man has made possible.

Or, perhaps, the radio automobile is in its garage on the 253-acre estate of Col. Green at Round Hills nearby. The farmer and fisher folk of the town are not, because of that, deprived of their concerts. On one of the rounded hills of the Colonel's beautiful estate is the marvellous public address machine which throws out sound for four and a half miles, so that it may be heard throughout the countryside and by passengers on vessels at sea. This device, similar to the one which enabled 125,000 people to hear President Harding's inaugural address, will reproduce four miles away the sounds from an ordinary phonograph record as clearly and as loudly as if one sat in the same room with the phonograph. It will transmit radio messages in the same way; or the human voice. As the Colonel says: "When the boat races come off the Commodore can come here and issue instructions to the contestants or announcements to the spectators without raising his voice. We expect to entertain the crowds at

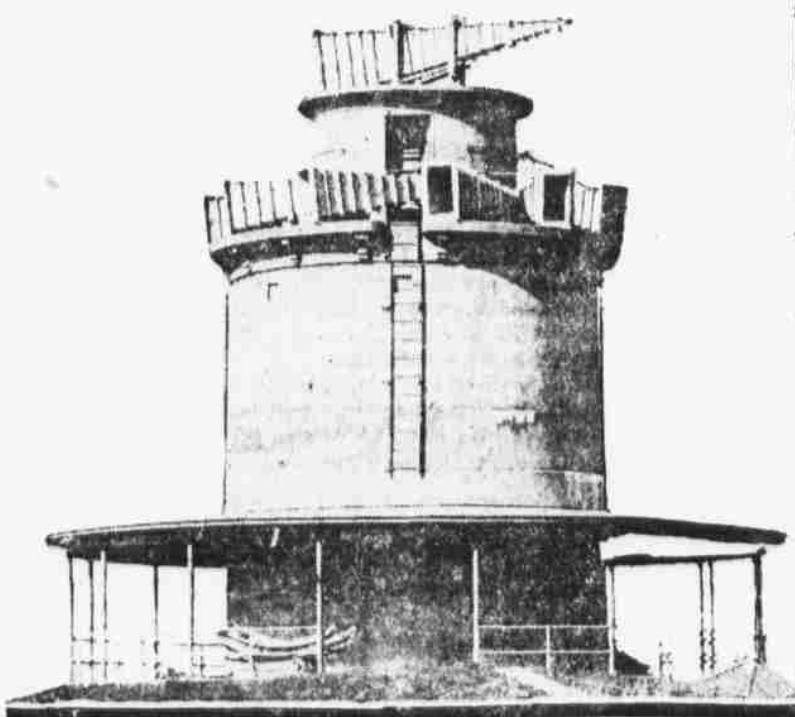
the races with music to. Folks going by on the New York boat will get the benefit of music sent out from here." The public address machine is not a radio device but it is an essential and valuable complement to the radio.

The radio auto at present is equipped for receiving only. Soon it will be able to send messages also, so that it may travel about the country and communicate at any time and

from any point with Col. Green back at Round Hills.

The radio automobile is only a part, and a minor part, of the elaborate radio equipment which Col. Green has installed on his beautiful estate. The location is superb. It is said to be unequaled as a potential receiving and broadcasting station, being a peninsula jutting out into the bay, with no power plants within miles.

The estate borders on Buzzards Bay



The public address system, on top of the water tower, by means of its eleven huge wooden horns throws sound clearly for four and one-half miles.

